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CALEB CLARK,  
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Cincinnati, O.FROM THE BOSTON MANSION.  
THE SMITHS OF SMITHVILLE,  
AND THEIR ADVENTURE WITH A ROBBER.

The Smiths of Smithville, had for a long time been very much annoyed by the depredations of some unknown individuals, whose confused ideas concerning the right of property led to the frequent abstraction of divers goods and chattels from the premises of said Smiths, in a furtive and mysterious manner. Beggars of wheat and oats vanished from the granary, pork from the cellar, and corn from the crib; in one night a sheep that had been slaughtered had coolly trotted away, and on another occasion several gallons of maple molasses evaporated in the night time. Miling stools went off on three legs, and one morning Mr. Smith's axe was found to have "cut stick."

Log chains became rattle snakes and drop off, iron wedges made splits in the Smiths' property, books walked off, and an axe jack rode off with the saw-horse.

Vain were the efforts of the elder and younger Smiths to discover the mystery of these depredations, and to entrap the offender. Despairing of bringing him to justice, the Smiths found that they could do nothing more than take measures to ensure the safety of their property. Accordingly they built a new granary, with strong walls, narrow grating windows, and a heavy oak door, to which was attached a formidable padlock. The prison-like portion of the barn was built sufficiently large to allow the Smiths to lock up a great deal of portable property, such as was most likely to tempt the cupidity of thieves.

After the granary was finished, a month passed, during which time the depredations of robbers or robbers confined to the orchards, or hen-roosts, or late one Sunday evening, the elder Smith, as he was sitting tipped against the kitchen wall, smoking his pipe, preparatory to retiring, bethought him that he had neglected to lock the granary door before leaving the premises. This was by no means a singular circumstance, considering that the granary was usually locked by a younger Smith, who had that night "gone a courting."

It was a moonlight evening, and Mr. Smith, approaching the barn was considerably startled at seeing the door ajar. Certain of having shut the door an hour previous, Mr. Smith thought of robbers. His suspicions were confirmed when, on a nearer approach, he plainly heard a noise in the barn. Too cautious to endanger his life by boldly attacking the robber, Mr. Smith, with considerable trepidation, resolved to watch his movements and discover who he was.

Looking through a crack in the east side of the barn, he saw a dim, ghost-like figure glide across the floor towards the granary. A happy thought entered Mr. Smith's brain. Stealing into the barn, he crept along beside the door, when, as if he had seen the door, turned the key, and was off as if for life.

It was impossible to say what made Mr. Smith tremble so. It might have been the smothered cry of alarm which issued from the granary walls, and rang full upon his ears; or a well calculated to awaken superstitious fear. But Mr. Smith never owned that he was frightened, although on reaching the kitchen he was as pale as a ghost or as ghosts are supposed to be.

"What's the matter?" cried Mrs. Smith. "I've caught the robber!" ejaculated Mr. Smith, in a breath.

"Where—where is he?" "He's locked up in the granary—give me my boots."

"Why—what are you going to do?" "Get help!" He's a desperate fellow, and it will be dangerous to meddle with him alone!"

It is impossible to describe the excitement of Mr. and Mrs. Smith on that memorable occasion. The latter took it upon herself to load the old musket, while her husband went for the neighbors.

Mr. Smith exchanged his slippers for his boots, and ran first to Deacon Naffles' house, where he expected to find a younger Smith, who was courting Naffles' daughter. He was surprised to find the door ajar, as if the Naffles had retired and blown out the candle. He knocked, however, and on the occasion required. After some delay, Deacon Naffles came down in his night clothes—dressed at Smith in astonishment and demanded his business at that time of night.

"Caught the thief—locked up in the granary—where's the robber?" "Where's the robber?" "He's locked up in the granary—give me my boots."

"Good—keep him till morning." "You don't do," replied Smith, in an excited manner, "he's a desperate fellow—break out—I must rouse the neighbors—where's my son Increase?"

"O, Sally is sick to-night, so Increase counted her only about half an hour, and went home to bed."

"Went home!" "Yes," said the Deacon, "half an hour ago."

The elder Smith clapped his hand to his forehead as if he had been struck with an idea or some weighty substance.

"O, I'll keep the secret!" interrupted the Deacon, trying to preserve a becoming gravity. "The job is safe, and it's a sleeping gravity."

After Smith turned on his heel, and vanished feeling very weak probably from the effects of the excitement he had undergone.

Let us now look in upon the younger Smith, who was actually in the granary. It is impossible to describe his rage at finding himself thus intruded upon. After shouting until he was hoarse, and nearly deaf, he closed his teeth angrily, and sat down a bag of meal to await the result.

Increase had not long been in this dark dungeon, before he heard a noise in the barn. Supposing it was the old man, who having covered his error, was coming to liberate him, his anger evaporated, and he could not help laughing at the ludicrous mistake.

But there was a mystery about the sounds he heard, which caused the younger Smith to doubt whether they were made by his father after all. He listened. They turned the key cautiously in the lock. Slowly, stealthily the door opened, while Increase scarcely breathed. Somebody entered noiselessly, touched young Smith's shoulder as he passed, and began to explore the further end of the dungeon. Increase dropped on his hands and knees, and taking advantage of the noise made by the robber, crept out. Then to shut the door and lock it was the work of a moment. Somebody was locked up.

Listening a moment and hearing no sound, Increase became fully convinced that he had committed no error, but had caught a real thief, and went immediately for assistance.

Shortly after, very much ashamed of his mistake, the elder Smith sneaked into the barn and approached the granary. It is necessary to state that the elder Smith had locked up his son with the key that belonged to the granary, and which he had carried away with him, and that Increase locked up the thief with a false key, which the latter had brought with him and carelessly left in the lock on entering the granary, and which the younger Smith carried away.

And now the elder Smith made haste to open the door.

"Increase!" he called, putting his head inside the door.

No sound replied.

"Are you asleep? Come, don't go to playing any trick on me, it's all a mistake, for I really took you for a robber."

Mr. Smith's speech was stopped by a violent blow on the mouth. Mr. Smith in an instant was tumbling down amidst a wilderness of barrels, bags, rakes, and shovels. Mr. Smith, who was considerably stunned by the blow, fell, and when Mr. Smith got upon his legs again, the door was closed and locked. Mr. Smith was a prisoner.

Meanwhile Increase was raising forces to assist in taking the thief out of the granary in safety. Having first told his story to Mr. Smith, who was exceedingly astonished, he hastened to alarm Joe Ferris, a stout fellow who lived in the woods near by, and who had some acquaintance with the younger Smith, as the Smiths.

Mrs. F. put her head out of the window, and wanted to know what Increase wanted. The young man asked for Joe. After some hesitation, the woman replied that her husband had the headache, and could not get up.

"It's very important," said Increase—"I've caught the thief, and locked him up in the granary."

"O, have you?" said Mrs. Ferris, in a trembling voice. "How fortunate! But as my husband has the headache, I think you had better keep—the man till morning."

Now if the younger Smith thought he was getting out of the granary, he was greatly in error. The truth is, in closing the window, she was pale as death. The reader may guess the cause of her agitation; when I tell you that there was no Joe Ferris sick with the headache in the house.

But Mrs. F. was a woman of energy and decision. She caught up a hammer, threw a shawl over her head, and left the house. She was soon at Mr. Smith's barn with her hand on the granary door.

"Joseph!" she whispered.

No reply.

"Joseph! it is me—are you here?" she said.

"Let me out," said a voice within.

Mr. Ferris screamed, turned pale than the moonlight, and dropped her hammer. Mr. Smith was scarcely less astonished, but recovering himself, he said rather coolly, considering the occasion:

"You are out late to-night, Mrs. Ferris, allow me to see you home."

She could not refuse his arm, when she saw that he was conducting her to his home, instead of her own, she had not the power to say a word or make the least resistance.

With great glee the men proceeded at once to the granary, and to see if his father had returned, upon which Joe Ferris laughed all to himself, and advised the younger Smith to be sure and bring the old man, if he was any where to be found.

"Hallo!" cried Bill Hodges, "the granary door is open—the thief has broke out!"

Increase came back filled with consternation—Joe Ferris was less surprised. "The strange events of the night were involved in a deeper mystery than ever, when the elder Smith having heard the approach of Increase and his companions made his appearance with a light."

"Hallo, neighbor!" cried Joe Ferris, "what is all this hubbub about? Increase has been telling us about thieves."

"I declare, father," said the younger Smith, "after you shut me up for the thief, I shut up a real thief, and left him in my place."

"I knew it; your mother told me," replied the elder Smith, "and when I came to let you out—"

"O, see it all!" groaned Increase, "he got away."

"Yes and shut me up."

"And how did you get out?"

"Why, the thief's wife had the kindness to come and break the lock."

So saying, the elder Smith held the lantern up to the face of Ferris, who turned ghastly white, and trembled as if he had been in an ague fit.

The whole affair was now explained to the astonishment of everybody in general, and Joe in particular, who was too much astonished to make any resistance, while Increase and his companions were trying his hands behind him.

Ferris and his wife were accommodated with lodgings in Mr. Smith's house that night; and on the following day a search having been instituted, all sorts of goods found on Joe's premises, they were both committed to jail to await their trial.

What their sentence was, when convicted of the crime charged against them, I have quite forgotten, but it is certain that the good people of Smithville were troubled no more with the mysterious disappearance of their goods and chattels, and that the Smiths remembered with peculiar satisfaction, the manifold mistakes committed on the night of their adventures with the robbers.

BRIEF SKETCHES OF  
ROBERT FULTON,  
WHO BUILT THE FIRST STEAMBOAT OF PRACTICAL VALUE.

Fulton was born in Little Britain, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in the year 1765. His father emigrated from Ireland when he was a child, and settled in Pennsylvania, where he died.

The subject of this sketch, was sent to school at Lancaster, where he received the rudiments of an English education. In his course of study, he was particularly interested in mechanics, and he was passed in mechanics' shops or in painting.

At 17 years of age, he went to Philadelphia, where he was occupied in painting portraits and landscapes, until he was of age. With the means thus acquired, he purchased a small farm in Washington county, where he located his mother, his father having previously died.

Leaving his mother thus provided with a comfortable home, he embarked for England, in the year of his age. He took letters of introduction to his illustrious countryman, Benjamin West, by whom he was most cordially received. Mr. West was so well pleased with his amiable qualities and his genius, that he invited him to take up his abode in his house, where he remained an inmate for several years. After leaving Mr. West, he made portrait painting his chief employment.

He resided two years in Pennsylvania, at which place he made the acquaintance of the renowned David of Bridgewater, who constructed the first important Canal in Great Britain.

He so formed the acquaintance of Lord Stanhope, celebrated for his love of the mechanic Arts, with whom he long corresponded upon subjects to which both their minds had been directed.

So early as the year 1793, Fulton had turned his attention to the subject of steam navigation.

In May, 1794 he obtained from the British government, a patent for a double inclined plane, to be used for transportation.

He resided eighteen months in Birmingham, where he acquired much practical knowledge of the mechanic arts, which was of great advantage to him in after life.

From this period he devoted a great portion of his time to the study of civil engineering, for which his talent for drawing gave him great aid.

He said to have been an elegant and accurate draftsman. About this time, he published a work upon Canals. Three subjects appear to have occupied his attention for the last twenty-five years of his eventful life, viz: Steam Navigation—Canal Navigation, and the use of Torpedoes, for coast and harbor defense in time of war.

In 1797 Fulton went to Paris, where he was invited by our distinguished fellow countryman, the poet, Joel Barlow, to take up his abode with him, which he accepted, and continued to reside there during his long stay in France.

Fulton has been censured for endeavoring to introduce a system of sub-marine warfare, as a violation of the laws of War. His object, however, was to put an end to wars, by rendering the destruction of human life so certain, that nations would abandon altogether, this inhuman practice, and turn their attention to cultivating the Arts of Peace.

While at Paris, Fulton was desirous that Bonaparte, then First Consul, should aid him in carrying into effect his great plan of Steam Navigation. For this purpose, he prepared a memorial to the First Consul, setting forth the great advantages France would derive from it, both in peace and war. His memorial, he recommended to the First Consul, to present to Bonaparte, who was a champion of Bonaparte, at the Military School, at Brienne, residing in the family of the First Consul for many years, as his Private Secretary. It has since been published. "Memoirs of Napoleon." Bonaparte would give Fulton no aid or support whatever. Through the aid which he received from Chancellor Livingston, who was then our Minister in France, he was furnished with means to make a contract with Bolton & Watt, of Birmingham, for a Steam Engine, which was built under Fulton's direction; and shipped to New York. Upon Fulton's arrival in New York, in 1806, he made a contract with Charles Brown, to build a steamboat, which was launched in the spring of 1807; and was Engine from England, was put on board the 1st of August of that year.

Mr. Livingston had a joint interest with Fulton in this boat. All things being in readiness, they invited their friends to witness her first movement.

It may be proper here to state, that whilst this boat was in progress of construction, Fulton was the constant subject of jeers and ridicule. Frequently he heard the scoffs of visitors at the ship-yard, who, not knowing him, often expressed their opinions in a manner not very complimentary to his understanding. For was this surprising, when we reflect that the grave American Philosophical Society, at Philadelphia, only four years previous to Fulton's complete success, placed upon record, their deliberate opinion, that no practical benefit could ever be derived from steam-boat navigation.

Fulton says that the day he left New York, there were not thirty persons in the city, who believed that the boat would ever move more than a head of steam, or even of the least utility. But to return to our narrative. Everything being in readiness, the boat moved from the wharf, and proceeded at the rate of about five miles an hour to the small anchorage of the public wharf, where she was met by the Clermont, forever put to rest the great question of steam navigation.

At the ensuing session of the Legislature of New York, 1808, Fulton and Livingston got the exclusive right to navigate the waters of that State, by steam, extended to thirty years.

As their business increased, rivalries grew up. Invasions of their rights ensued, and a suit was brought, crossing the ice, which the Legislature of New York, which was then in session, unanimously passed resolutions expressive of their high sense of his important public services, and the heavy loss which the whole nation, but more particularly the State, had sustained by his death, and as a further tribute to his memory, resolved to wear a badge of mourning for the remainder of the session.

A few years after his decease, the Supreme Court of the United States decided in favor of the State of New York, granting to Fulton and Livingston the exclusive right to navigate the waters of the State of New York, by steam, and of course null and void.

Fulton and Livingston had constructed noble and expensive boats, but as soon as the trade was thrown open, they were opposed by boats of little comparative value, so that their prospects were ruined.

We must here do Fulton the justice to say, that he never laid claim to the original invention of steam boats, but what he did claim, was the improvement which he made upon the invention of others, and having given practical effect to the whole. The important invention of Oliver Evans, and John Fitch, are matters of public notoriety, and if he had possessed the means they probably might have accomplished the same object.

Fulton left a widow and four children, one son and three daughters.

His surviving children presented a claim to Congress, under the following circumstances:

The steamboat of the deceased father, plying between New Orleans and Louisville, in Kentucky, whilst pursuing a most profitable business, (being the only steamboat then upon the Mississippi,) was forcibly seized by General Jackson, during the war, and taken into the public service for the defence of New Orleans.

In the public service she was run aground, and remained grounded for several months, for which no compensation had been made. Nor had Fulton ever received any compensation for the use of his patent for the Floating Battery, or his services in the construction of her.

Congress passed a joint resolution referring the subject to the Secretary of the Navy, who made a report, allowing the heirs a liberal

compensation for these demands. The Committee of Claims brought in a bill to carry into effect the provisions of the act.

We have already exceeded the space allowed for these "brief sketches." We can therefore only say, that it was nearly ten years, before the bill finally became a law, although it repeatedly passed both Houses of Congress.

The most violent opposition it met with, was from the delegation in Congress from the State of New York, with a few honorable exceptions.

On the final passage of the bill in 1846, the journals of the Senate will show that both the Senators from New York voted against it, though it passed the Senate by a majority of 15 votes.

The journals of the House of Representatives for 1846, will also show that when the bill finally passed that body, that out of 34 members from the State of New York, only 8 of that number voted for the bill. When this bill for the relief of the heirs of Fulton was under discussion in the House of Representatives, the American Aristides, the venerable sage of Quincy, (whose death the nation has since mourned,) rose in his seat, and stated to the House that he had thoroughly examined the bill and the proof in support of it, and the claim was founded, but, in law and justice, and that it was a disgrace to the nation that it had not long before been paid.

The conduct of the New York delegation in Congress, at one time eliciting Fulton's character and extolling his public services, and afterwards refusing bread to his children, reminds us of an epigram written years past by a French physician, entitled the "Doctor with three faces," which is thus translated:

Three faces wears the Doctor—when first sought An Angel's—and a God's, the cure half wrought; But when the cure complete he seeks his fee, The Devil, then, looks less horrible than he."

PIONEER INCIDENT.—In the early settlement of the country bordering on the Ohio river, it was often necessary for the security of the "stations," that scouts or rangers should be sent out to ascertain whether the Indians were not lurking about in the different neighborhoods. Prudence and bravery, with a perfect knowledge of Indian habits were essential requisites in the selection of the rangers. In these dangerous expeditions, no one often shared the late Gov. McArthur, of Chillicothe and Samuel S. Davis, now living in the vicinity of Columbus.

In one of their excursions, on the south side of the Ohio river, near the present town of Portsmouth, having, as they supposed, ascertained there were no Indians in that region, they concluded on their return to the station, to hunt for deer for this purpose they went in search of a "lick," a better finding it, lay, within twenty or thirty yards of it. They had not been there long, when four Indians came to the lick, each with a rifle on his shoulder.

The situation of the rangers was one which required prompt action. Davis, in engagement, was engaged with the remaining one. One of McArthur's foes, with that rapidity of thought for which the Indian is said to be celebrated, instantly caught up the rifle of the dead Indian, took a more steady aim, and fired, the powder horn under the arm of McArthur, blowing the powder horn to pieces. In this dilemma nothing remained but flight; and calling to Davis, who by this time had escaped himself from his enemy, they commenced a rapid retreat; Davis with his loaded rifle preventing the too near approach of the Indians who vainly attempted to draw his fire. They both finally escaped without further injury.—*Gift's Advertiser.*

A HUGO SCOTLAND.—"Acorn" the Boston correspondent of the New York Spirit of the Times, tells the following story:

"A few days since some of the 'bloodes,' residing at Nahant, had rare sport. A number of the friends of the Maine liquor law, with a posse of constables, proceeded to Drew's Hotel, for the purpose of seizing a quantity of the 'enemy that steals away men's brains,' and that was of a fellow, Sam. Loring, who had been drinking, getting wind of the intended proceeding, and having the fear of the law before his eyes, resolved not to break the peace of the Commonwealth himself, nor allow the inmates of the hotel to do so by any means, yet he was most desirous of giving the party an affectionate reception. Consequently he summoned all the scrub women about the house, (some fifteen lusty Irish women, and agreed to give them three dollars each, to be ready to follow him, and to be covered from head to foot with soft soap and grease; and immediately upon the informers and pimps entering the house, each one was to seize her man, and commence embracing him in the most affectionate manner, of which they all at once agreed. Sam. immediately gave each woman a thick coating of bacon grease, and over that covered a thick coat of mustard and molasses; and thus arrayed and bedaubed, they awaited the arrival of their expected visitors, whom upon entering the rooms of the hotel, were each instantly seized by a stout, well greased Irish woman, with a lug that never resembled that of a full grown man, but rather that of a child, and each described. The party soon began to cry piteously, and beg for their lives, which were spared them, but not until they were well bedaubed with heterogeneous mixtures, not the most agreeable in smell or appearance, and as they sneaked out of the back door, looked like individuals resolved never again to attempt seizing liquor until they had been 'distilled' there was no graced women about."

DOW, J. S. FAITH.—I believe that kicking against a wall, and putting in the face of fashion are futile and foolish endeavors. Both may need correction—but they must and will have their own way.

I believe that if the Devil be the father of liars, he has a plucky large family to look after, and that it is rapidly increasing.

I believe girls are like kittens—gentle and smooth when they are young, but they are most affectionately—but they are the contrary when they are grown up. They are like the most disdainful manner. They like to be kissed, but shun a delicacy about the operation.

A Heavy Bomber.—It is stated that two millions of dollars have been offered by one of the wealthiest citizens to the New York Common Council, for the right to construct a railway through Broadway.

How TO BE MISERABLE.—Sit at the window and look over the wire of your neighbor's garden, which he has recently built and paid for, and sigh out, "Oh that I were a rich man!"

Get angry with your neighbor and think you have not a friend in the world. Shed a tear or two, take a walk in the burial ground continually saying to yourself, "when shall I be buried here?"

Sign a note with a friend and never forget your kindness, and every hour in the day whisper to yourself, "I wonder if he will pay that note!" Think everybody means to cheat you. Closely scrutinize every bill you take and doubt its being genuine till you have put the owner to a great deal of trouble. Believe every dime passed to you is but a airpence crossed, and express your doubts about getting rid of it if you do take it.

Never recommend you can help it. Never visit the sick and afflicted, and never give a farthing to the poor.

Grind the faces of the poor and the unfortunate.

Brood over your misfortunes, your lack of talent, and believe that at no distant day you will come to want. Let the poor-house ever be in your mind, with all the horrors of poverty and distress.

Then you will be miserable—if we may so speak—to your heart's content—sick at heart—and at variance with all the world.

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.—Man has the power of initiating every motion but that of flight. To effect these, he has, in maturity and health, fifty bones in the head, thirty in his thighs and legs, sixty-two in his arms and hands, and sixty-seven in his trunk. He has also four hundred and thirty-four muscles. His heart makes sixty-four pulsations in a minute, and therefore three thousand eight hundred and forty in an hour, ninety-two thousand one hundred and sixty in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated beings and of impelled bodies, it may be remarked that this and construction seem to have little influence, nor has comparative strength, though one body giving any quantity of motion to another, is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, and yet it can travel only six paces in a day; a worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a lady bird can fly twenty million times its own length in an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope, in half the time; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour, and a Canary falcon can even reach two hundred and fifty leagues in the short space of sixteen hours. A violent wind travels sixty miles in an hour; sound, eleven hundred and forty-two English feet in a second.—*Ducke.*

CONSCIENTIOUS.—Dr. JOHNSON, when in indigent circumstances, as was not infrequently the case, was offered a Rectory if he would enter orders. But this great man, sensible, as is supposed of the aptitudes of his temper, declined it, saying, "I have not the requisites for the office, and I cannot in my conscience allow the flock which I am unable to feed." Well would it have been for the Church of Christ had all who have entered her ministry been equally conscientious.

But it is almost needless at this time of day to talk about conscientiousness in the leaders of the Church. "Place your Rivalence," said Paddy to the parson one day on his tithe collecting tour, with a posse of constables to collect him, "place your Rivalence, I've been put to bed of her tenth child, had 'n't ye better take that, too?" With a holy look of clerical contempt, the parson ordered the robbery wagon to drive on. He had just taken the poor man's tenth pig—death to him being, canonical. Poor Paddy! no wonder then rebelled. But, we forgot—'tis the "Church of Christ!" And the Church can do no wrong.

INFLUENCE OF A NEWSPAPER.—A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the Ogdensburg Sentinel as follows:

"I have found it to be a universal fact without exception, that those children of each sex and of all ages who have had access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation and emphasis, and consequently read more understandingly.

2. They are better spellers and define words with greater ease and accuracy.

3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, in about half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their Governments and doings on the globe.

4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every style, in the newspaper, from the common-place advertisement to the finished and classic article of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.

5. They write better compositions, mingling better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.

6. These young men who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of language.

Some English people were visiting an elegant private garden at Palermo, Sicily, and among the little ornamental buildings they came to one upon which was written, "non spicilo," that is, "don't open." This prohibition duly served to excite curiosity, and they very unscrupulously proceeded to disobey the hospitable owner's injunction. On opening the door, a fountain of water was squirted full in their faces—a very just, though not very severe retribution.

Most, the daughter of Noah, was not married until she was five hundred and eight years old. Don't despair, old gals, some hope yet.